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FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK

OSAKIE LEGEND OF THE GHOST DANCE. In the "Harvard Monthly," Mr. William Jones, of Harvard University, a member of the Sac and Fox tribe, gives an account of the origin of the "Ghost Dance," or as the Osakies call it, *Anoska Niwimina*, the Dance of Peace, as related to him by the Osaka chieftain. He prefaces his narrative by relating the manner in which, while the religious enthusiasm which began about ten years ago was at its height, bands of Kiowas, Comanches, Caddoes, Shawnees, Delawares, and Kickapoos came on a friendly visit to a village of the Osakies, on the Canadian, in the Indian Territory. The arrival of the strangers is described, who appeared before the village at sunset. In the centre of the village was a circular space, inclosed by an embankment knee-high. The muffled boom of a drum gave the summons, at which the warriors and male children filed in and placed themselves in a circle against the embankment, while the women and girls sat in the middle and a great throng stood outside. When silence was obtained, the Osakie chieftain rose, urged his brothers and sisters to receive with friendship the visitors, and put up a prayer to "Our Father, Gisha Munetoa: As thou didst show to the young woman who once brought the spirit of peace upon earth, so wilt thou fill now with the same spirit the hearts of our girls, our women, our wives, and our mothers. Then they can show our men how to live, and there shall be no more war among the nations." A dance followed, and whenever a strange dancer sat down to rest, an Osakie young man stepped before him with a long peace-pipe in his hand. After the Osakie had invoked the spirit of Gisha Munetoa by pointing a stem of the pipe successively in the four directions, the dancer received to his lips and held for a moment the stem of the pipe, in the red stone bowl of which was lit, with a live coal, the sacred tobacco. Such, says Mr. Jones, is the ceremony which has been scornfully branded as the "Ghost Dance" and the "Messiah Craze." But to the Osakies, and those who join with them in singing its songs, in dancing its dance, and in praying its prayers, it is the *Anoska Niwimina*, a dance of peace. The accompanying legend, relating the manner in which Shaskasi brought from Gisha Munetoa the spirit of peace into the lodges of men, is then related:—

"Many winters ago, during the war in the north, in the course of an attack on a village, a girl escaped and wandered until she issued through hollows on a high prairie, where she abandoned herself to grief, remembering the destruction of her people.

"Suddenly, in this great despair, she caught the faint sound of a voice calling from afar, 'O my daughter!' Instantly she raised her head, and, pressing her clasped hands between her knees, she listened, doubting all the while whether the call were but a ringing of the imagination. And while she listened she heard again, nearer and more distinctly, 'O my daughter!' She leaped at once to her feet, and, as her eyes swept the prairies round about to find whence the sound came, she heard even yet

the same voice and the same call. Still she saw no one. She stopped and looked into the sky; and, lo! as she stood there motionless, Gisha Munettoa, the Master of Life, who spoke to her thus: —

“Wipe away the tears from thine eyes, my daughter, and listen to the message which I shall tell thee; for I shall intrust many things upon thee, because I have seen thee loved above all the young women of thy nation. I wish thee to return to thy lodge and to thy village, which thou shalt find standing as in the days of peace.

“Now do these things which I shall tell thee as thou hearest them, and all shall come out well. First, pluck four stems from the long grass waving at thy side, and then return the way whence thou hast come. On that way is the camp of the foe. Be not afraid, but enter straight into the camp as thou wouldst into thine own. Thou shalt find the chiefs and the warriors feasting. I shall direct thy footsteps to the place where the two head chiefs are eating. There sit thyself down and eat till thy hunger is gone. Warriors shall place food before thee, and thou shalt see everything that passes before thine eyes; but no one shall see thee, nor shall any one know that thou art there. After thou art done eating, rise; and as thou turnest thy back upon the chiefs and the warriors, and startest on thy way home, thou shalt see at thy feet a large wooden vessel. Lift up the vessel and bear it upon thy shoulders, for thou shalt find it light. And when thou hast come into the village of thy people, go and sit by thy lodge. There play upon the drum which thou shalt have, and, in time to the measure, sing the songs which I shall cause thee to sing. And while thy people sing with thee, show them how to dance to the new songs. Then tell them that there shall be no more war. Be brave in thine heart, my daughter; for I shall be with thee in all that I have asked thee to do.’

“Gisha Munettoa disappears behind the clouds, and the girl, while thinking over what she has heard, slowly plucks four grass-stems, which change in her hand into four *Anoska* drumsticks. She is then moved by a mysterious power, and begins to retrace her steps; she passes into the camp of the enemy, but is enveloped in a cloud of faint blue mist, and mingles with the warriors unobserved, partaking of food placed before the apparently empty seat. When she has sated her hunger she rises, and, as she does so, observes at her feet the wooden vessel which she has been ordered to take up. She does so, and it is transformed into an *Anoska* drum, beautifully decorated with porcupine quills, beads, and eagle feathers. She lifts it to her shoulder and goes on to her village, which she finds deserted, and, without any conscious volition, begins to beat the drum and chant an old war-song. Attracted by the sound, the warriors return, find the girl, and summon the people, who look with wonder on the maiden sitting alone and singing in time with the drum. By and by, three men, to whom she had handed the other three drumsticks, sit down by the drum with her. They followed the time she had set to the beating of the drum, and presently joined in the song she was singing. After she found that the men could play the drum and sing alone, she slowly lowered her voice until it was hushed. Then, handing her own drumstick to a man standing

by, she rose and gave him her place at the drum. After she had formed an open circular space in the middle of the wondering crowd, she beckoned to the boys and the men to join with her in dancing to the music of the song and the drum ; and while the boys and the men fell to dancing the step she taught them, the girls and the women went and sat down beside the drummers and singers.

"Now the booming of the drum, the singing of the great chorus of men who had joined with the four singers at the drum, and the whoops and the yells of dancers were all heard in the distant camp of the foe. Quickly, in the firelight, the warriors of the enemy sprang to their sacred war bags, and rubbed a pinch of magic paint over their cheeks and upon their weapons. Then, leaping upon their bare-back ponies, they disappeared in the darkness with the war-chiefs in the lead. On reaching the top of the butte above the wigwams of the village, they stopped and listened, but only long enough to locate the place where the singing and the dancing were going on. Then the chiefs yelled the war-whoop, the warriors gave it back, and all, bending far over on the backs of their ponies, rode at full speed down the slope.

"Meantime, in the village below, the dance went on. Nearer and nearer sounded the heavy tramp of many horses, and louder and fiercer grew the yells and whoops of the enemy. But all the while the boom of the drum increased, the singing grew more spirited, and the number of dancers swelled. Like a big, black cloud suddenly rising, the enemy loomed out of the darkness. But at the very moment when the ponies were about to dash into the throng to scatter it, at the very moment when the noses of the ponies struck the backs and the shoulders of the people who were looking on at the dance, that very moment the ponies halted — stopped stiff in their tracks. Their riders in anger lashed, clubbed, and kicked them, but the only movement the ponies would make was to turn their heads and their necks to one side or the other. Finding their ponies would budge no farther, the men leaped to the ground. But the moment they alighted, the spirit of hatred left their hearts. They flung aside their shields, their war-clubs, their bows and their quivers of arrows, and joined in the dancing and in the singing with the men whom they had come to slay. And the warriors of the two nations, while smoking together the pipes of peace, listened to the words of Shaskasi, telling them that war between them was over."

PASSION PLAY AT COYOACAN. — The "Herald," of the City of Mexico, Mexico, gives an account of the Passion Play, as performed in 1899 at Coyoacan, where the environment is said to be more picturesque than at other villages in the neighborhood of the capital : —

"It was at Coyoacan that Madam Calderon de la Barca saw the Passion Play, and really, in reading her excellent description of it, one is struck with the little variation wrought by a lapse of fifty-five years. In one part she says : 'The padre's sermon was really eloquent in some passages, but lasted nearly an hour, during which time we admired the fortitude of the